

Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couerings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. He write against them,
Defest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at
one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius,
and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with vs?

Luc. When Iulius Caesar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, Cassibulan thine Vnkle
(Famous in Caesars prayles, no whit lesse
Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.

Qu. And to kill the meruaile,
Shall be so euer.

Clot. There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Iulius: Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noses.

Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnscalable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But sucke them vp to'th Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, andouer-came: with shame
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-shells mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As easily gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to master Caesars Sword,
Made Lads-Towne with reioycing-Fires bright,

And Britaines strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
said) there is no moe such Caesars, other of them may haue
crook'd Noses, but to owe such straite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard
as Cassibulan, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand,
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Caesar
can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanke, or put the Moon
in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,
no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. Caesars Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th' World, against all colour heere,
Did put the yoke vpon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our selues to be, we do. Say then to Caesar,
Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of Caesar
Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therfore angry. Mulmutius made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar
(Caesar, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy selfe Domestike Officers) thine Enemy:
Receiue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
In Caesars name pronounce I gainst thee: Looke
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus deside,
I thanke thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,
Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
Behoues me keepe at vterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
So Caesar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let prooffe speake.

Clot. His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-
stime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-
terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-
water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you
fall in the aduenture, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you: and there's an end.

Luc. So sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? Leonarus:
Oh Master, what a strange infection

Is

Is false into thy eare? What false Italian,
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.
She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer
Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter,
That I haue sent her, by her owne command,
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,
Art thou a Foedarie for this Act; and look'st
So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonarus?

Oh, I learn'd indeede were that Astronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters.
Hee'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, tellish of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be
You Bees that make these Lockes of countaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison; yet
You claspe young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods.

Justice, and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his
Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the de-
rest of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your
owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wishes you
all happinesse, that remains loyall to his Vow, and your encrea-
sing in Loue. Leonarus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
(Loues Counsaillor should fill the bores of hearing,
To'th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by'th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as I
Tinherit such a Hauen. But first of all,
How we may steale from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
How many store of Miles may we well rid

Twixt howre, and howre?

Pis. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th' Clocks: he halie. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman taigne a Sicknesse, say
She's home to her Father; and prouide me presently
A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
A Franklins Huswife.

Pisa. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) not heere, not heere;
Nor what ensues but haue a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how to adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We house i'th' Rocks, yet vse thee not so hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Guid. Haile Heauen.

Arvir. Haile Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: He tread these Flats. Consider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice, is not Seruice; so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The sharded Beetle, in a safer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then rustling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepe his Booke vnscor'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your prooffe you speak: we poore vnstedg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arvi. What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse

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